

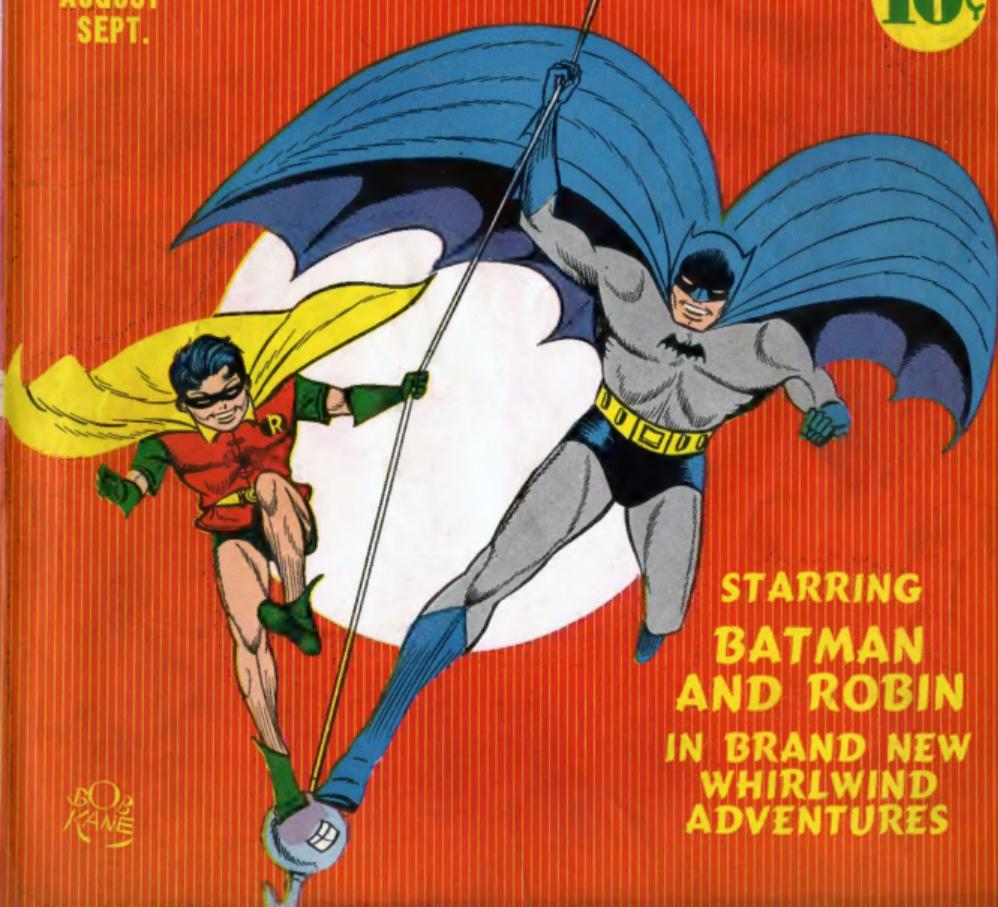
No. 6

BATMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUGUST
SEPT.

10¢



STARRING
BATMAN
AND ROBIN
IN BRAND NEW
WHIRLWIND
ADVENTURES

BO
KANE

BATMAN

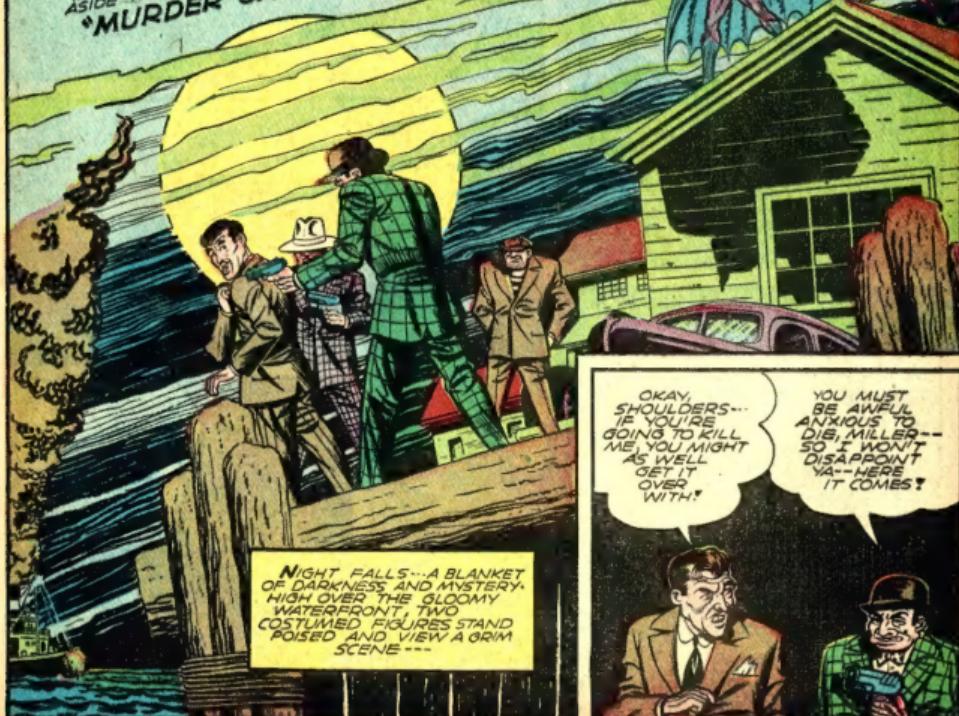
WITH
Robin

—THE BOY WONDER—

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BOB
KANE

WHEN A MASTER OF EVIL TRIES
TO MAKE A MOCKERY OF THE LAW,
TWO RASH MORTALS DARE TO VENTURE,
INTO CRIME'S DOMAIN TO SEE OUT ITS
HIDDEN CHIEF — TWO BRAVE HUMANS, TWIN
FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE — THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER — LEADS THEM
NOW AS A TAIL OF VENGEANCE AS THEY DRAW
INTO A LAIR OF CRIME AS THEY DRAW
ASIDE THE VEIL THAT HIDES THE REAL TRUTH OF—
"MURDER ON PAROLE."



NIGHT FALLS...A BLANKET
OF DARKNESS AND MYSTERY
HIGH OVER THE GLOOMY
WATERFRONT, TWO
COSTUMED FIGURES STAND
POISED AND VIEW A GRIM
SCENE ---

OKAY,
SHOULDERS...
IF YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
ME, YOU MIGHT
AS WELL
GET IT
OVER WITH!

YOU MUST
BE AWFUL
ANXIOUS TO
DIS, MILLER--
SO I WON'T
DISAPPOINT
YA--HERE
IT COMES?



① SUDDENLY, THE TWO GRIM FIGURES, UP ON HIGH, LEAP!



③ THE BATMAN'S FIST SNAKES OUT---



②



④



⑤



A SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS!

OKAY--
REMEMBER,
BATMAN.
THIS BABY
TELLS
YOU TO!

GET IN THE
CAR, BOYS--
WHILE I STITCH
MY NAME
ON THEIR
CHESTS!

ROBIN SUDDENLY KICKS
THE HAT INTO THE
THUG'S FACE AS HIS
MACHINE-GUN FIRES WILDLY.

A GOAL
FOR
OUR
SIDE?

ULP!

THE THUGS PULL AWAY IN THEIR CAR - LEAVING
A TRAIL OF BLAZING LEAD!

DOWN--
HUG THE
GROUND!

HAT
I GOT
MILLER
ANYWAY?
SO
LONG!

OH-H-H-

MILLER TOPPLES
OFF THE PIER
TO THE WATER
AS THE **BATMAN**
DIVES AFTER HIS
FALLING BODY

COMING,
FELLA--
COMING!

GRAB
HIM,
ROBIN.
HE'S BEEN
SHOT!

HE
ALMOST
HAD
COMPANY!



BATMAN--
GOT TO
TELL YOU
ABOUT
SOMETHING--
SOMETHING
BIO--

HERE--TAKE
IT EASY. YOU
CAN TELL
ME LATER
ON, AFTER A
LITTLE
MEDICAL
TREATMENT.

NO--NO--
GOT TO
TELL YOU
NOW--
BEFORE
I PASS
OUT--

MILLER'S
STORY--

"MY NAME IS CHICK
MILLER. I WAS A
CONVICT IN THE STATE PRISON,
SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS. I WAS
SERVING MY THIRD YEAR WHEN
IT GOT ME--"

STIR CRAZY?
I'LL GO STIR
CRAZY IF I
DON'T GET OUT
OF HERE SOON!
I'VE GOT
TO GET
OUT!

IF YOU
WANT
TO GET
OUT, CHICK--
I CAN
ARRANGE
IT-- A
PAROLE!

PAROLE--
YOU--
HOW?

WHY DON'T
YOU GET
YOURSELF OUT,
SLINK--WHO
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE
KIDDIN'?

LISSEN--I GET
GOOD DOUGH FROM
THE BIG SHOT FOR
GETTIN' GUYS LIKE
YOU OUT--WHEN
I GET MY PILE, I'M
GETTING OUT, TOO!
NOW YOU LEAVE
EVERYTHING
TO ME--

"SURE ENOUGH, A FEW DAYS LATER,
I WAS CALLED BEFORE THE
PAROLE BOARD--"

ARRUMPH--
MR. MILLER,
YOU HAVE BEEN
THOUGHT OF
AS ELIGIBLE
FOR
PAROLE?

PAROLE
MIGHT BE
ARRANGED,
IF WE FEEL
YOU'LL
GO
STRAIGHT.

MY--
YOU DON'T
LOOK
LIKE A
CRIMINAL!

"AFTER DISCUSSING MY
CASE WITH ME, THEY
MADE ME GO OUTSIDE
WHILE THEY TALKED--AND
WHEN THEY CALLED ME
BACK AGAIN--"

ARRUMPH--
MR. MILLER,
WE HAVE
DECIDED
IN YOUR
FAVOR
FOR PAROLE?

PAROLE--
I--I
DON'T
KNOW
HOW TO
THANK
YOU--
I--

TUT-
TUT,
MY
BOY,
WE
FEEL
YOU
DESERVE
IT!"

"WHEN I WAS
READY TO LEAVE
THE PRISON, I
WENT BACK TO
THANK MY CELL-
MATE, SLINK
DANIELS. HE SAID
SOMETHING. I
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
HE MEANT THEN,
BUT FOUND OUT
SOON ENOUGH--"

I WISH
THERE
WAS
SOME WAY
I COULD
MAKE UP
FOR YOU
FOR WHAT
YOU DID!

DON'T
WORRY,
YOU
WILL--
YOU
WILL!

"THE BIG DAY FINALLY CAME--THE PRISON GATE CLANGED BEHIND ME. IT WAS SPRING--THE AIR WAS CLEAN AND FRESH. BIRDS WERE AROUND. THEY WERE LIKE ME--FREE!"



"THEN TWO MEN APPROACHED ME--"



"A JOB SOUNDED SWELL TO ME. THEY TOOK ME TO A SWANKY HOTEL TO SEE THEIR BOSS. YOU COULD HAVE KNOCKED ME OVER WITH A FEATHER WHEN I SAW WHO IT WAS--"



"FOR A MINUTE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS, BUT THE BOSS KEPT ON TALKING AND I LEARNED THE TRUTH!"



OKAY--SEND ME BACK. SEND ME BACK AND I'LL TELL THEM WHO YOU ARE--AND WHAT YOU REALLY ARE-- I'LL--

YOU'VE TALKED QUITE ENOUGH. SHOULDERS, TAKE HIM TO THE CAR AND SHOW HIM THE SIGHTS--MAYBE THE WATERFRONT!

GOTCHA, BOSS!

THEY BROUGHT ME HERE. YOU--YOU KNOW--THE REST--

QUICK--TELL ME? WHO IS THE BOSS?

...AND TRUE TO FORM, TOO, IN THE MOVIES AND IN MYSTERY STORIES, THE MAN ALWAYS DIES OR PASSES OUT JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO REVEAL THE MASTER CRIMINAL'S NAME! WELL--BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY!

HE'S FAINTED

HE--HE--OON--

AND SO THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE APARTMENT OF BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY FAVORITE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.....

YOU KNOW, DICK--I THINK THOSE MEN WHO SHOT MILLER WILL TRY AGAIN TO GET HIM AT THE HOSPITAL BEFORE HE RECOVERS AND TALKS.

HMM? I GUESS THEY WOULD?

AND BRUCE WAYNE'S WORDS ARE PROPHETIC--FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT--

BUT BOSS--THERE'LL BE A MILLION COPS WATCHIN' THE HOSPITAL--

I'VE A PLAN OF THE BUILDING, SO DON'T WORRY! YOU GET MILLER--GET MILLER BEFORE HE TALKS!

34
GOTHAM NEWS
WOUNDED PAROLE CRIMINAL BROUGHT TO HOSPITAL BY BATMAN
PAROLEE, IDENTIFIED AS "CHICK" MILLER, IS STILL--

THAT VERY NIGHT--THE HOSPITAL WINDOW SLIDES OPEN--

OKAY, GUYS--THIS IS MILLER'S ROOM!

BUT AS THE DOOR PUSHES IN--SOMETHING FLIES OUT--THE BATMAN'S FIST!



AN AVALANCHE OF FIST DESCENDS UPON THE THUGS!

THE BATMAN?

IN PERSON?



AS THE THUGS SUDDENLY SURGE TOWARD THEIR DREADED NEMESIS, AN OPERATING TABLE BEARS DOWN ON THEM...AND ABOARD IT IS--

ROBIN-- IT'S THAT ROBIN KID!



THOUGHT I'D BRING THE TABLE. YOU'LL NEED IT AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!



REINFORCEMENTS RUSH THE TWIN BATTLES!

GET THEM!

FLUS' EM!



DRAWN BY SHOUTS AND SHOTS, POLICE SWARM TOWARD THE MAKESHIFT BATTLE FIELD!

HALT, OR WE'LL FIRE!



COPPERST LBS! AL LAM OF A HEMET DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE?

AS THE POLICE GIVE FUTILE CHASE TO THE FLEEING THUGS, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIND THEMSELVES IN A TIGHT SPOT!

HOLY CATS! THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! THE POLICE AREN'T AS YET EXACTLY TOO FOND OF MY SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY IN FIGHTING CRIME!



SORRY-- BUT THIS IS NECESSARY!



LIKE TWO FLEET DEER,
THEY RACE DOWN THE
LONG CORRIDOR!

LET'S
GO,
ROBIN!

LATER--

WELL--
WE GOT
AWAY FROM
THE
POLICE,
BUT SO
DID THE
GUN-
MEN?

THAT NIGHT--...WINGING SILENTLY
OVER THE STATE PRISON IS A CRAFT
OF WEIRD DESIGN--THE BATPLANE!



DOWN A DANGLING
LADDER SCRAMBLES
THE BATMAN.
BEFORE THE STARTLED
GUARD CAN MAKE
AN OUTCRY, SOMETHING
FLOPS DOWN
BESIDE HIM AND HE
FALLS ASLEEP.



THROUGH THE
PRISON HE DARTS,
HURTLING THE
HARMLESS SLEEP-
INDUCING CAPSULES.



CAPSULES PLOP INTO
SLINK'S CELL WHILE
HE SLEEPS?

NOW TO
TAKE HIS
CELL-MATE
TO THE
BATPLANE!



IN THE BATPLANE, AN
AMAZING TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE--THE BATMAN
BECOMES SLINK'S CELLMATE.

NOW TO APPLY
THE MAKEUP
WHILE HE'S STILL
UNCONSCIOUS?



IT IS THE BATMAN WHO BECOMES SLINKY'S CELLMATE AND BEGINS HIS GREAT IMPERSONATION--



AND SO IT IS NOT LONG AFTER THE BATMAN IS FREED BY THE PAROLE BOARD...



AND THE BOYS MEET 'MARTY LODEN' AND TAKE HIM TO THE 'BOSS'...



THE BOSS?



THAT NIGHT, ROBIN TAKES HIS STAND BY THE BOSS'S ROOM....



AND ON THE WATERFRONT, CLOAKED IN THE INK OF MID-NIGHT, THIEVES LOOT A WAREHOUSE-

RE HOUSE



MARTY, THE GANGSTER, THE MAKEUP FROM HIS FACE, RIPS OFF HIS CLOTHING AND STANDING IS HIS PLACE IS...





MINUTES PASS--

HE AIN'T COME UP YET! THAT GUY'S GONE FOR GOOD THIS TIME!

NOW THAT THE BATMAN IS FINISHED, LET'S FINISH UP HERE! GET THE STUFF AWAY AND THEN WE SCRAM BACK TO THE BOSS!



LATER-- AS ROBIN PACES THE HALLWAY, A HAND WHIPS ABOUT HIS MOUTH--

YEAH-- THE BOSS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE HIM!

IT'S THAT WISE ROBIN KID THAT WORKS WITH THE BATMAN!



THE BOSS IS INFORMED OF THE SWIFT-MOVING EVENTS OF THAT NIGHT....

SURE ... THE BATMAN WAS MARTY LODEN?

SO ... WELL ... MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF ROBIN, TOO-- VERY GOOD CARE!



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN-- AND IN WALKS SLINK!

SLINK! WHAT--- WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF JAIL?

I BROKE OUT. I WAS GETTIN' STAR CRAZY LIKE THOSE GUYS SAY YOU GOT OUT ON PAROLE?



YOU FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT TILL I GOT YOU OUT ON PAROLE?

WHO YOU KIDDIN'? NOT EVEN YOU CAN GET ME OUT-- NO GUYS WITH MURDER RAPS ARE PAROLED-- AND YOU KNOW IT!



SUDDENLY, THE SERRIE WAIL OF A POLICE SIREN CUTS THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR!

COPS-- THEY MUST'VE FOLLOWED YOU HERE!

I'LL FIX THEM!



MEN SPREAD OUT-- SURROUND THE PLACE-- GET ALL THE PEOPLE FROM THE BUILDING OUT-- AND THEN START FIRING!

UGH!



REALIZING THEY MUST THROW IN WITH SLINK, THE PAROLE BOSS THUS SEND LEAD SCREAMING AT THE POLICE. THE DUEL BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE LAWLESS HAS BEGUN!

AS THE BATTLE OF BULLETS RAGES, A DRIPPING FIGURE PULLS ITSELF ONTO THE WATERFRONT PIER....IT IS THE BATMAN!

WOW--MY HEAD! I MUST HAVE BEEN DRIFTING ON THE WATER FOR QUITE A FEW MINUTES--BETTER GET BACK TO ROBIN...



MEANWHILE, THE BOSS' THUGS FALL LIKE LEAVES IN A STORM BEFORE THE WITHERING SUNFIRE...



IF ANY COP SO MUCH AS MOVES IN TO THE BUILDING, THIS BOY DIES!

HERE COME THE RATS--RUNNING OUT OF THEIR HOLES!

COUGH!

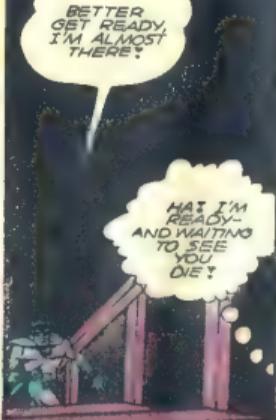
AND ALONE AND UNAFRAID, THE BATMAN WALKS TOWARD WHAT SEEMS CERTAIN DEATH.

I'M COMING UP THERE TO GET YOU! I'M WALKING UP THE STEPS NOW!

AND THOSE WILL BE THE LAST STEPS YOU'LL EVER WALK! HA-HA!



BETTER GET READY, I'M ALMOST THERE!



IT'S YOU, BATMAN! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GET THE GREAT BATMAN--AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET MY WISH! COME ON, BATMAN--HA-HA!

HELLO! I'M COMING FOR ROBIN!

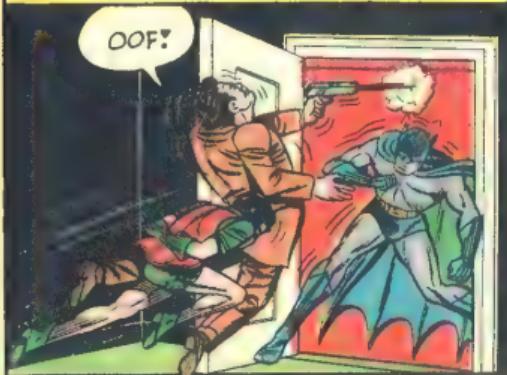
ROBIN! I DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT BOY KILLED, EVEN THOUGH HE DOES WORK OUTSIDE THE LAW. STILL, HE DOES FIGHT CRIME! IF...

I'M HERE, FELLA!

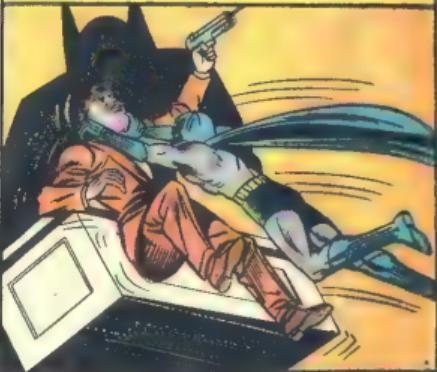
OKAY, BATMAN--YOU ASKED FOR IT!



ABRUPTLY--ROBIN ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT...



THE CRIME-HUNTER AND CRIME-MASTER CLASH IN A BATTLE TO DEATH.



A SUDDEN BLOW SENDS THE BATMAN OFF BALANCE AND REELING TOWARD AN OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT--



BUT THE MADMAN'S CHARGE CARRIES HIM TOO FAR. BOTH THE BATMAN AND THE PAROLE RACKETEER PLUNGE DOWN THE SHAFT!



EVEN AS HE DROPS, LIKE A LEADEN PLUMMET, THE BATMAN'S HAND CLOSES VISELIKE ABOUT THE OILY ELEVATOR CABLE--BUT THE PAROLE RACKETEER IS NOT SO FORTUNATE: A TRAILING SHRIEK MARKS HIS END!



BOB KANE

LATER--

WELL, I SUPPOSE ALL THOSE MEN PAROLED BY THEIR BOSS WILL GO BACK TO JAIL?

ALL EXCEPT MILLER! HE BARDED HIS PAROLE, YOU KNOW. IT'S EASY FOR MOST PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND CRIME DOESN'T PAY, BUT WHEN A CRIMINAL SUDDENLY REALIZES IT, AS MILLER DID, WELL, THAT'S ABOUT THE BEST MORAL LESSON THERE CAN BE!"



JEST KIDDING

by Ray McGee



THE WINNING TEAM!

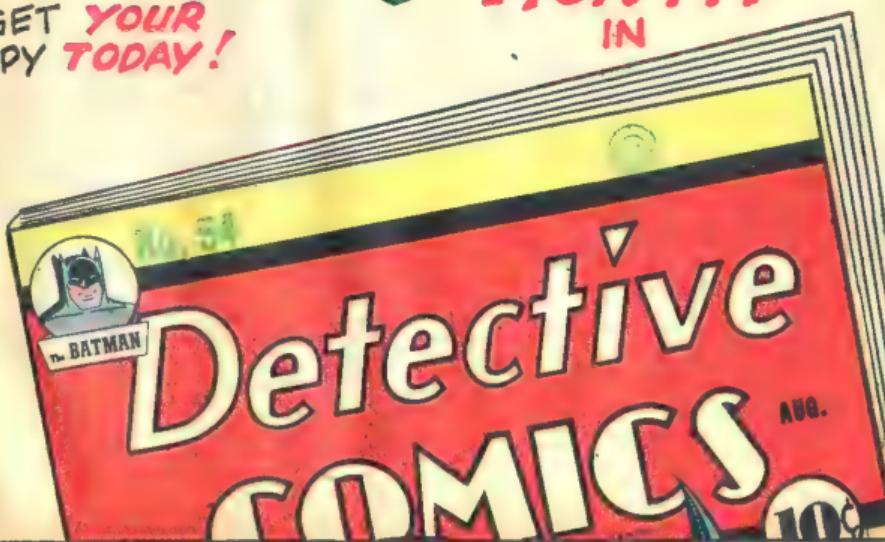


GET YOUR
COPY TODAY!

BATMAN AND ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR
WAY THROUGH
SMASHING
CRASHING
ADVENTURES

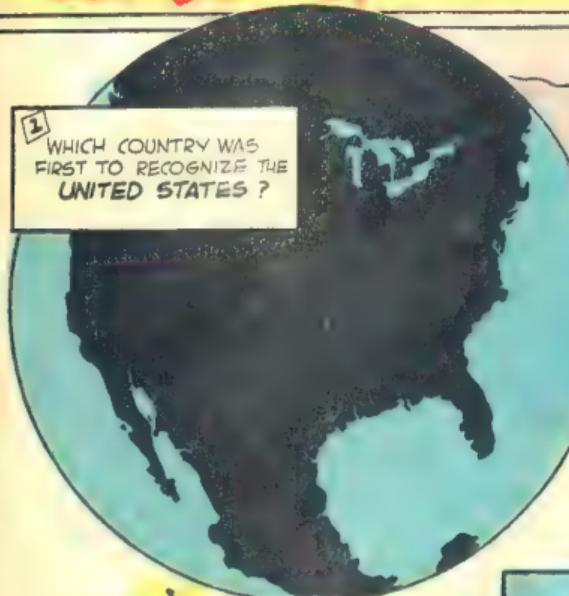
EVERY
MONTH
IN



U. S. QUIZ

14
HENRY
BOLTHOFF

1 WHICH COUNTRY WAS
FIRST TO RECOGNIZE THE
UNITED STATES ?



2 FROM WHAT COUNTRY DID
THE U. S PURCHASE THE
VIRGIN ISLANDS ?



3 WHAT PRIVILEGE
HAS THE STATE OF
TEXAS THAT
NO OTHER STATE HAS?



4 IS THERE ANY TEA FROM THE
BOSTON TEA PARTY
NOW IN BOSTON ?



ANSWERS HERE..... HOLD UPSIDE DOWN

1. FRANCE, ON FEBRUARY 6, 1778.
2. DENMARK.
3. THE RIGHT TO SUB-DIVIDE INTO MORE THAN FOUR ADDITIONAL STATES.

4. THERE IS, IN A BOTTLE, IN THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

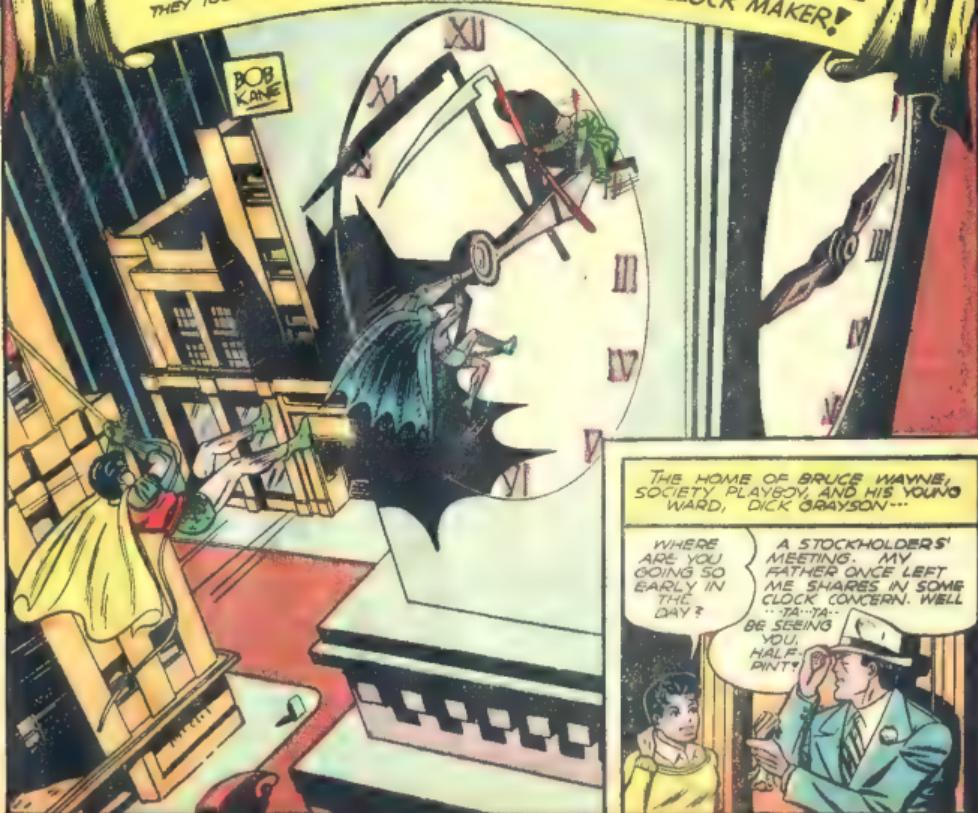
BATMAN

WITH **Robin**

-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HE WAS JUST A CLOCK MAKER--AND HE CALLED THEM MURDERERS? WHY?...AND WHY DID PEOPLE DIE WHEN CLOCKS STRUCK THIRTEEN? WHY DID THE TOLLING OF THIRTEEN MEAN THE TOLLING OF THE DEATH-KNELL? THIS WAS THE PROBLEM THAT FACED THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER. BUT THEY FOUND OUT...THEY FOUND THE ANSWER ALMOST TOO LATE WHEN THEY THEMSELVES DISCOVERED THAT THEY TOO WERE MARKED FOR DEATH BY--- THE CLOCK MAKER!



THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO EARLY IN THE DAY?

A STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING. MY FATHER ONCE LEFT ME SHARES IN SOME CLOCK CONCERN. WELL ...TA-TA... BE SEEING YOU, HALF-PINT!

THE HOBBS CLOCK
BUILDING...



BRUCE JOINS THE STOCKHOLDERS, WHO
LISTEN IN BORED TONES AS THE CHAIRMAN
DRONES ON AND ON AND ON...



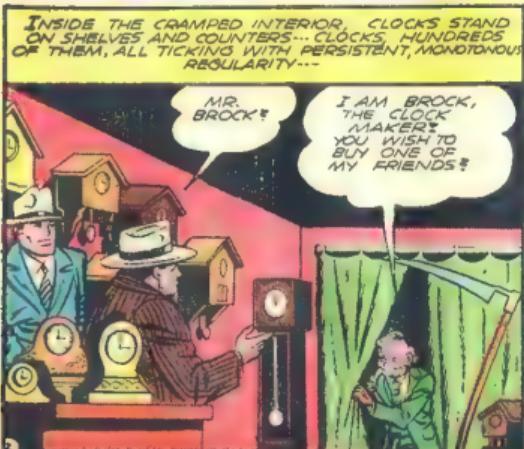
AFTER THE
MEETING...



WHY NOT TRY OLD BROCK THE CLOCK MAKER ON BELL STREET? I BOUGHT AN UNUSUALLY FINE ONE THERE LAST WEEK!



SOMETIMES LATER...A
SMALL SIDE STREET...





THE BATMOBILE RACES TO THE KEEATING HOME IN RECORD TIME!



UP THE STEPS AND INTO THE HOUSE DART THE BATMAN AND ROBIN...TWIN AVENGERS OF EVIL!



BEFORE THE HOODLUMS CAN RECOVER, THE BATMAN IS UPON THEM LIKE A POUNCING TIGER!

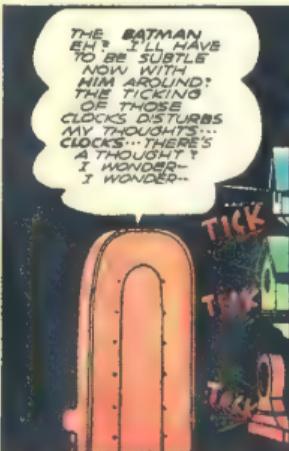
VERY NICE! NOW I DON'T HAVE TO SOIL MY HANDS ON THE BOTH OF YOU!



OUTSIDE, THE THUGS SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND RUN TO THEIR CAR!

WAIT. MITCH IS INSIDE! HE MIGHT TALK!





LATER THAT NIGHT, AS
KEATING SITS AT HIS DESK....

“MIDNIGHT?
THERE GO
THE CHIMES...
THREE...
FOUR...
FIVE...”

“BONG! BONG! BONG!”

“SIX...SEVEN...EIGHT...
NINE...TEN....”

“ELEVEN...
TWELVE...
THIRTEEN?!!
THE CLOCK
STRUCK
THIRTEEN?!!”

“BONG! BONG!”

GAS RISES FROM THE
CLOCK IN A MALIGNANT
CLOUD?

“AAAGH!”

“BONG!”

THE CLOCK TOLLS ON...”

THE NEXT DAY AT NOON TIME...KEATING'S BODY IS
DISCOVERED. POLICE SWARM INTO THE DEATH ROOM.
ACCOMPANYING HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER
GORDON, IS BRUCE WAYNE....

“HM-M?
FAINT SMELL—
LIKE GAS.”

“12
NOON.”

“THE CLOCK TOLLS ON... NINE...
TEN...ELEVEN....”

“TWELVE...
THIRTEEN?!!
HOW...? THE GAS
IS STRONGEST
AT THIS CLOCK?
I WONDER...”

“BUT ONLY BRUCE HAS COUNTED
THE CLOCK'S STROKES?”

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT
IN A MUSTY OLD STORE THE
BENT, LITTLE MAN KNOWN AS
BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER,
CACKLES WITH SATISFIED
LAUGHTER....

“SO...NOW... KEATING,
THE KILLER OF TIME,
IS NOW DEAD! HEE-HEE!
NOW MY LITTLE BUGLER
WILL ENTERTAIN ANOTHER
KILLER OF TIME;
HENRY DECKER...
HEE-HEE! BLOW MY
LITTLE BUGLER...
BLOW...
HEE-
HEE...”

AND THAT VERY NIGHT,
IN THE HOME OF HENRY
DECKER...A STOCK-HOLDER
IN THE HORBS CLOCK COMPANY
...TWELVE O'CLOCK?



“THE CLOCK TOLLS ON?....
NINE...TEN...ELEVEN...
TWELVE...”

“THIRTEEN?
IT STRUCK
THIRTEEN
TIMES?
AAAGH!”

“BONG
BONG”

“DEATH STRIKES AT
THIRTEEN?!”

NOONTIME--THE NEXT DAY--
POLICE INVESTIGATE ANOTHER
MYSTERIOUS DEATH?

THAT'S
WHAT KILLED
HIM?

A DART--A TINY
DART--PROBABLY
WITH DEADLY
POISON ON IT?

I WONDER
WHO BLEW
THAT DART?
OH--TWELVE
O'CLOCK.

THE CLOCK TOLLS ON--
FOUR--FIVE--SIX--
SEVEN--EIGHT?

NINE--TEN--ELEVEN--
TWELVE--

THIRTEEN--
LIKE THE
OTHER ONE...

WHY--
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

LOOK! THERE'S
YOUR MURDERER!
THAT LITTLE
BUGLER!

CRAZY, AM I?
HERE--THIS
BUGLER BLEW
THE DART WHEN
THE CLOCK READ
MIDNIGHT? DECKER
HAD A HABIT OF
READING IN THIS
CHAIR TILL LATE
AT NIGHT!

OF COURSE, AND
OUR MURDERER
KNEW THAT: HE
KNEW DECKER'S
HEAD WOULD BE IN
LINE WITH THE CLOCK!
WHY--OUR MURDERER
MUST BE A
CLEVER
DEVIL!

AND IN HIS DINGY STORE, THE CLOCK
MAKER LAUGHS GLEEFULLY AS HUNDRED
OF CLOCKS CHIME AT ONCE.

HEE--HEE! THAT'S
RIGHT--THAT'S
RIGHT! THIS CLOCK
IS FOR A MAN
WHO KILLS TIME--
THIS CLOCK IS
FOR BRUCE WAYNE!
HEE--HEE--
HEE--

AND
BRUCE WAYNE
IS THE
BATMAN!

THAT VERY NIGHT AS THE
MIDNIGHT HOUR DRAWS CLOSE,
THE LOUD DANGLE OF A DOOR-
BELL BRINGS DICK GRAYSON
TO THE DOOR OF THE WAYNE
HOME.

PACKAGE
FOR YA?

THANK
YOU!

IT'S A
CLOCK?
NOW WHY
SHOULD
ANYONE SEND
US A
CLOCK?

THE CLOCK TOLLS THE
HOUR--MIDNIGHT!

BONG!
BONG
BONG

FOUR--FIVE--SIX--SEVEN--
EIGHT--

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE HURLETS INTO THE ROOM--PICKS UP THE CLOCK--AND--



NINE--TEN--ELEVEN--TWELVE--THIRTEEN--THEN--A THUNDEROUS BLAST DEAFENS THE NIGHT!



GOOD THING I HEARD THAT CLOCK START TO CHIME. I KNEW WE HAD NO CLOCKS LIKE THAT. LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE US, EH, KID!

THE VERY NEXT NIGHT, ONCE AGAIN BRUCE WAYNE DONS THE INK-HUED GARB OF THE BATMAN!

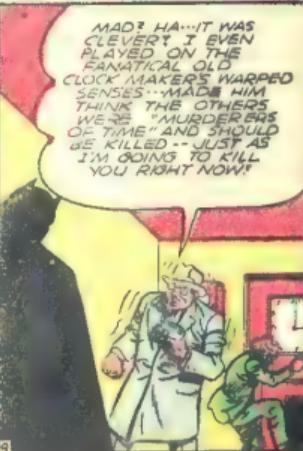
SOMETIMES LATER--THE BATMAN'S CAPED FIGURE BENDS OVER A FILING CABINET.



THE BATMAN PHONES THE BANKER, SELBY--

AND IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF HIS LITTLE SHOP, THE CLOCK MAKER LISTENS INTENTLY TO A MAN WHO SPEAKS TO HIM--





WITH ONE CAT-LIKE bound, THE BATMAN IS UPON ATKINS!



AS THE BATMAN, HORRIFIED, WATCHES OLD BROCK DROP TO THE FLOOR, HE LEAVES HIMSELF OFF-GUARD FOR THE MOMENT AND --



A SHRIEK IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF. DEATH HAS COME TO ATKINS!



HEE-HEE! YOU SEE HOW TIME PROTECTS ITS OWN? LOOK - THIS WATCH SAVED ME! YOUR BULLET STRUCK THE WATCH, NOT ME! FOR I AM TIME.

FATHER TIME - HEE! I'VE COME TO THIS WRETCHED EARTH SWARMING WITH MY MURDERERS. MY KILLERS WHO SCORN ME, SO THAT I WASTE AWAY AND DIE?

THE GUN GOES OFF...AND THE BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!



SUDDENLY, A VOICE WHIRLS ATKINS ABOUT!

ATKINS BINDS THE BATMAN WITH ROPE!



AS THE MADMAN RAVES ON - THE BATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS



DESPERATELY, THE BATMAN TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS....



BUT TIME PASSES QUICKLY AND THE TICKING CLOCKS SEEM TO MOCK HIS VERY EFFORTS!

ONE MINUTE....
TWO MINUTES....
TIME MOVES
AGONIZINGLY SLOW....
THEN--THE HOBBS
BUILDING!

HEE-HEE!
YOU'RE
TOO LATE--
TOO LATEY!

BONG

LOOK
UP THERE!
THE CLOCK
MAKER!

THE
BELL IS
STRIKING?
IT'S
TEN
O'CLOCK?

A TERRIBLE SOUND SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT. IT IS THE BELL TOLLING OUT THE HOUR: ONE!

AND WHEN THE BATMAN HAS JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE...



A SUDDEN ROAR--AND THE BATMOBILE RACES NECK AND NECK WITH TIME!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK AND THE BELL WON'T STRIKE THIRTEEN TILL TWELVE, ACCORDING TO THE OTHER MURDERS.

NOT THIS TIME! OUR CLOCK MAKER FRIEND INTENDS TO SET THE CLOCK SO THAT IT WILL STRIKE THIRTEEN AT EXACTLY TEN O'CLOCK, AND WE'VE GOT EXACTLY TWO MINUTES TILL TEN!

A SHARP COMMAND TO ROBIN AND THE BATMAN DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR, WHOSE SWIFT ASCENT SEEMS INCREIBLY SLOW, AS THE GIANT BELLS TOLL TWO!



AND THE BATMAN GAINS THE SMALL ROOM SET IN THE CLOCK ITSELF!



AND NOW IT IS A FIGHT AGAINST THE INEXORABLE ADVANCE OF TIME ITSELF, AS BELOW, TWO MEN BATTLE, AND ABOVE, THE PONDEROUS BELL CLANGS

....FOUR!



BUT THE CLOCK MAKER HAS GONE UTTERLY MAD AND FIGHTS WITH A MADMAN'S FURY AND STRENGTH! A WICKED BLOW SENDS THE SURPRISED BATMAN REELING ---TO THE OPEN DOOR'S EDGE:



FOR A MOMENT, THE BATMAN TEETERs ON THE VERY EDGE, CLAWING AT THE EMPTY AIR FOR BALANCE, THEN DROPS!



BUT EVEN AS HE DROPS, THE BATMAN MAKES A DESPERATE CLUTCH FOR LIFE-- HIS HAND CLOSES VISE-LIKE ABOUT THE HOUR HAND-- AND HOLDS!!



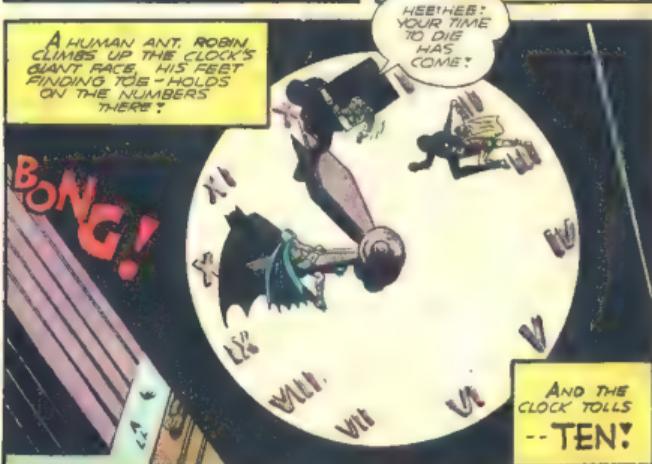
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A SMALL FIGURE IS SEEN LEAPING THROUGH THE YAWNING CHASM OF SPACE THAT SEPARATES A NEARBY BUILDING FROM THE CLOCK FACE!



SMALL HANDS SNATCH AT A PERTRUDING CLOCK NUMBER!



A HUMAN ANT, ROBIN, CLIMBS UP THE CLOCK'S GIANT FACE, HIS FEET FINDING TOE-HOLDS ON THE NUMBERS THERE:



① REACHING OUT, HIS HANDS CLOSE ON THE CLOCK MAKER...



AND THE CLOCK TOLLS ELEVEN?

② WHO FALLS WITH A TRAILING SHRIEK AS THE BELL TOLLS... TWELVE...



③ AND NOW THE TWIN BATTALIERS OF CRIME RACE UP TO THE BELLRY ITSELF AS THE GIANT BELL SWINGS PONDEROUSLY... ITS HUGE CLAPPER READY TO CRASH FOR A FINAL CLANG AND SHATTERING DEATH!



④ AND THE BATMAN'S BODY WINDS ABOUT THE GIANT CLAPPER AS IT CRASHES WITH SICKENING FORCE AGAINST THE GREAT BELL...



⑤ BACK AND FORTH SWAYS THE GIANT CLAPPER CRASHING THE BATMAN'S BRUISED FORM AGAINST THE BELL AS IF TO DISLODGE HIM--BUT HE HOLDS FAST, LIKE GRIM DEATH?



AT LAST, THE CLAPPER SWAYS NO MORE. ROBIN HAS FOUND THE MECHANISM THAT STOPS THE BELL'S GIANT SWING!

JUST IN TIME--DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE HELD OUT MUCH MORE!

IT'S OKAY NOW--EVERYTHING'S ALL OVER!

LATER, A SLEEK, VEHICLE BEARS AWAY TWO HEROIC FIGURES--BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER?

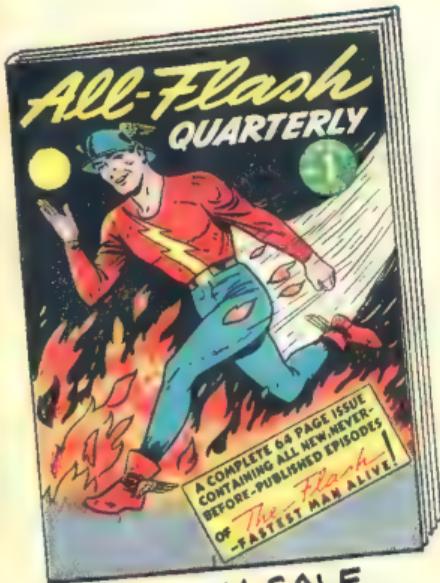
YOU KNOW SOMETHING-- SOMEHOW I FELT SORT OF SORRY FOR OLD BROCK, THE CLOCK MAKER. HE JUST HATED PEOPLE WHO WASTED TIME, THAT'S ALL!

OF COURSE, HE WAS TOO FANATICAL ABOUT IT--BUT HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING: PEOPLE WHO WASTE VALUABLE TIME ARE REALLY ENEMIES OF MANKIND. THINK OF ALL THE FINE CURES FOR DISEASE AND INVENTIONS THAT MIGHT BE FOUND IF THEY MADE USE OF THEIR PRECIOUS TIME. IT'S WORTH THINKING ABOUT--

THE BATMAN'S BODY ACTS AS A BUFFER: THE DEAFENING VIBRATION THAT IS TO SET OFF THE DEADLY T.N.T. DOES NOT COME?

BOB LANE

FAST AND FURIOUS!



NOW ON SALE

RIGHT! **FAST**
IS THE WORD FOR
The FLASH
— FASTEST
MAN ALIVE!

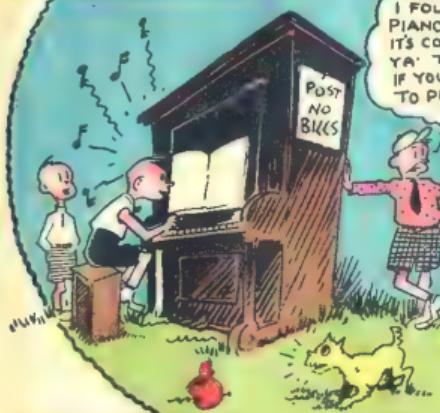
---AND YOU'LL BE
FURIOUS
IF YOU MISS
ALLSTAR No.6
CONTAINING
8 OF YOUR
FAVORITE
CHARACTERS!



ON SALE JUNE 25TH

IT REALLY HAPPENED

BALTIMORE - A MOVING HOUSEHOLDER LEFT HIS PIANO IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOT -

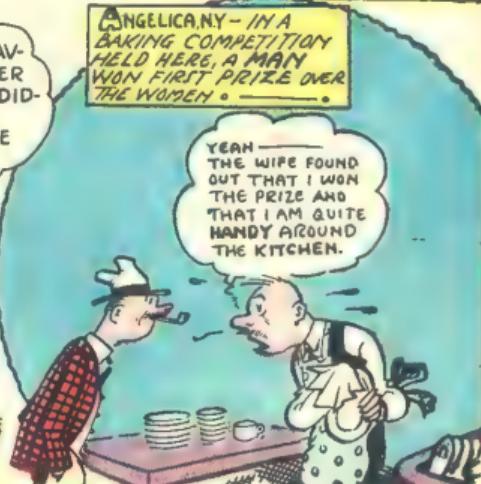


EDISTO, S.C. - WITHOUT DISTURBING ANY OF THE FURNISHINGS, A HURRICANE MOVED A HOUSE ONE MILE FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS.



MUSHVILLE, IND. - A HAMBURGER STAND OWNER BOUGHT A SEWING MACHINE BUT COULDN'T PAY CASH. THE SALESMAN AGREED TO TAKE OUT \$133 IN TRADE.

ANGELICA, NY. - IN A BAKING COMPETITION HELD HERE, A MAN WON FIRST PRIZE OVER THE WOMEN.



BATMAN

WITH
Robin
- THE BOY WONDER -

BY

JOE KANE

THE BATMAN AND HIS
RIGHT HAND LIEUTENANT--
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER--
CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME
IN THE IRON JUNGLE--A
WEIRD LAND WHERE LONG-
ABANDONED OIL DERRICKS,
THEIR SMASHED GIRDERS,
SPRAWLING FANTASTICALLY,
STALK LIKE PREHISTORIC
MONSTERS--
SHADOWS OF THE WEIRD
TREES SWEEP THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN--A WHIRLWIND
REGIMENT OF TWO--TO
JOIN TITANIC BATTLE
WITH CRIME--AND DOUBLE--
DEALING--AND UNRAVEL
THE TANGLED WEB OF
TERROR WHICH HIDES--
**THE SECRET OF THE
IRON JUNGLE.**"

AS MIDNIGHT STRIKES AND THE
BATMAN SKIMS OVER THE CITY'S
ROOFS--HE SEES--





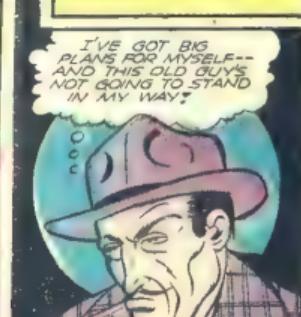
SAFELY INSIDE THE OFFICE,
THE BATMAN LISTENS TO A TALE
OF CRIME AND TERROR!



THE TRIM FIGURE OF LINDA
PAGE ENTERS.



MEANWHILE, AT TOM PAGE'S HEAD-
QUARTERS AT THE PAGE OIL COMPANY--



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, LINDA IS TELLING BRUCE WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON --

CHATTING CASUALLY THROUGH THE LIPS OF BRUCE WAYNE-- OUR PLAYBOY PLANS RAPIDLY WITH THE SURFIRE BRAIN OF THE BATMAN!

NO SOONER HAS LINDA LEFT THAN DICK GRAYSON, ALIAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, DARTS INTO THE ROOM---

--- AND ALL KINDS OF STRANGE ACCIDENTS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING --

OH! I THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE TEXAS AGAIN-- I NEED A VACATION.

WELL, WATCH OUT FOR THOSE BIG, HUSKY TEXANS! I'LL BE DOWN LATER TO SEE NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU.

I OVER- HEARD EVERYTHING.

LISTEN TO ME, THINN-- WE'VE GOT TO GET TO TEXAS BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO LINDA'S FATHER.



OVER THE RUGGED APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS-- DOWN TO THE BANKS OF THE SLUGGISH MISSISSIPPI RIVER-- ACROSS THOUSANDS OF MILES TO THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS SPEED BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON TO SWING THEIR FISTS IN NEW KNOCKOUT BLOWS AT THE JAWS OF CRIME?



A DRAMATIC SCENE AWAITS BRUCE AS HIS SWIFT AUTOMOBILE SLIDES BY THE ENTRANCE OF THE PAGE OIL COMPANY.



...AND ANYTHING DOES!





A FEW MINUTES LATER, BRUCE,
DRESSED IN A SPOTLESS, WHITE SUIT,
GOES OUTSIDE TO LOOK THINGS OVER.

WELL--
SO THE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE
IS WAITING

LOOKS
LIKE CHUCK
AND HIS GANG
ARE GETTING
READY FOR
SOME DIRTY
WORK

IF HE
STARTS ANY-
THING, WE'LL
CLEAN THEM
ALL UP--THOSE
TROUBLE-MAKERS
DESERVE A
GOOD
BEATING?

AS BRUCE WALKS FORWARD--A NO-MAN'S LAND
IS FORMED BETWEEN THE TWO SIDES--

WELL--
HERE'S MY
CHANCE TO
MIX WITH
REAL
SOCIETY--

YOU ARE--
BUT NOT
IN THE WAY
YOU
THINK--

I
GOT
SOME
BRASS
KNUCKLES
THAT
NEED
BREAKING
IN!

WHEN
CHUCK GIVES
US THE
EYE,
START
SWINGIN'?

GEE--
AIN'T THAT
A SWEET,
LITTLE, WHITE
SUIT HE'S
WEARING--?
HAW!
HAW!

I DON'T
LIKE
YOUR FACE--
I'D RATHER
YOU KEPT
IT COVERED!

PLEASE,
KEEP
YOUR
DISTANCE!

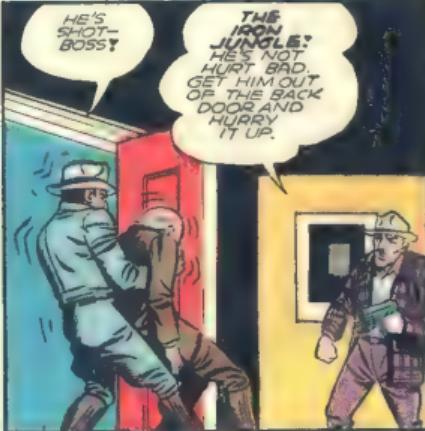
CHUCK IS MADE TO LOOK RIDICULOUS
BEFORE HIS OWN MEN-



BRUCE'S STRATEGEM WORKS--CHUCK
INFURIATED, WADES INTO HIS OWN MEN



BUT AS BRUCE TEACHES CHUCK SOME MANNERS,
GRAHAM MASTERS SNEAKS INTO TOM PAGE'S
OFFICE-- THIS TIME HE BRINGS A BODYGUARD
OF FOUR, ARMED HENCHMEN--

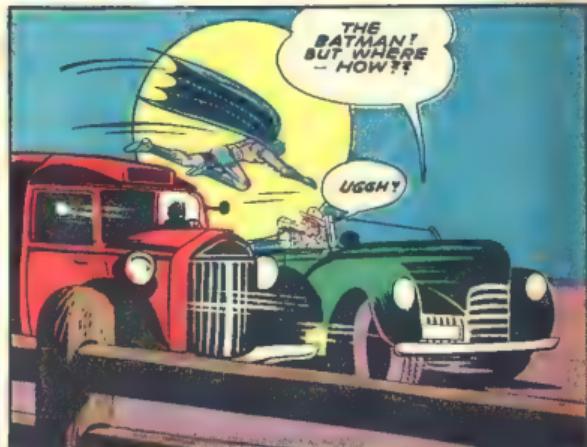
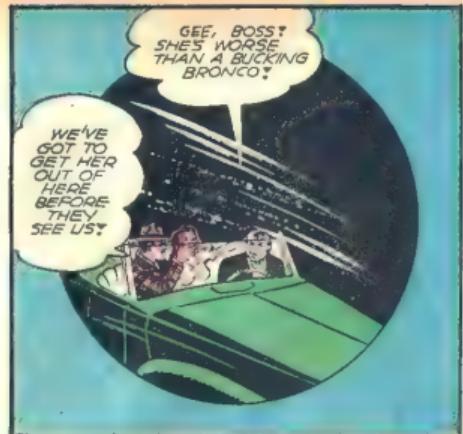


BUT OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING, AND
BRUCE SLIPS AWAY TO THE OLD BUNK-
HOUSE WHERE HE HAD AGREED TO MEET DICK--



MEANWHILE, A YELLOW ROADSTER PULLS
UP-- AT THE VERY MOMENT MASTERS
SNEAKS OUT OF THE OFFICE. LINDA PAGE
HAS ARRIVED EARLIER THAN SHE PLANNED.





LIKE A BAT ON A SURF BOARD--
THE BATMAN RIDES THE SPEEDING
CAR'S MOMENTUM--



USING HIS SPRINGBOARD
TAKE-OFF--HE LEAPS
WITH LINDA'S LIMP BODY
UNDER ONE ARM...



WHEW! MADE IT--
DUCK LOW AND
STEP ON IT,
ROBIN!



CHUCK MAKES A SHARP TURN AS MASTERS LOSES
A MAIL OF BULLETS--AND AS EACH ONE RIPS INTO
THE OIL TANK--FLAMES STAB OUT OF THE BULLET
HOLES INTO THE DARKNESS!



...LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE DONE
FOR BOSSY
THEY'LL BLOW
TO PIECES!



AS MASTERS AND CHUCK SPEED BACK TO THE
PAGE OIL COMPANY, ROBIN SWINGS HIS
BLAZING TRUCK AROUND--AND GIVES CHASE
LIKE A FIERY COMET ON THE TRAIL OF
VENGEANCE! ANY MOMENT THEY FEAR THE
THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION WHICH IS BOUND TO COME.



INTO THE LAST LAP SPEEDS THE TRUCK--
A MONSTER BON FIRE, WASHING OUT WITH
SCARLET OIL POR WHIPS! AS IT SCREECHES
TO A HALT, ROBIN AND THE BATMAN
LINDA UNDER THE LATTER'S ARM, LEAP--AND
NONE TOO SOON--



WITH PANTHER-LIKE MOVEMENT, THE BATMAN TRAILS HIS QUARRY INTO THE DENSE SEMI-TROPICAL UNDERGROWTH THAT SWARMS ALL OVER THE IRON JUNGLE!



INSTANTLY, THE BATMAN SCALES THE VERY NEXT DERRICK, LIGHTNING FLARES WEIRDLY ON THE UNCANNY SCENE---

THE BATMAN SCOUTS THRU THE THICKETS, IN THE GLARE OF THE COMING STORM'S FIRST FLASH OF LIGHTNING, HE SEES TOM PAGE LASHED TO THE TOPMOST GIRDER OF A DESERTED DERRICK!



REACHING THE TOWER'S TOP, THE BATMAN GRAPSES A GIANT CREEPER--MAKING READY FOR A DEATH-DEFYING GLIDE!



I HOPE THIS CREEPER HOLDS?

LIGHTNING RENDS THE SKY, ILLUMINATING THE BATMAN AS HE LEAPS...



THE GUNMEN'S WEAPONS HURL SUDDEN DEATH!



WHO...? THE BATMAN ALIVE?

GET THAT GUN--AND MAKE SURE THIS TIME!

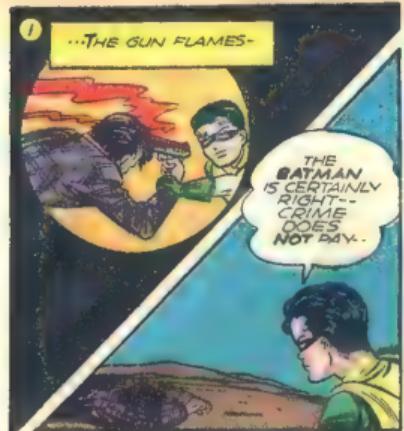
THE STREAM OF BULLETS SEVER THE CREEPER--THE BATMAN'S SOLE LINK WITH THE WORLD!











I WANT TO
GET A NICE
SUN-TAN!

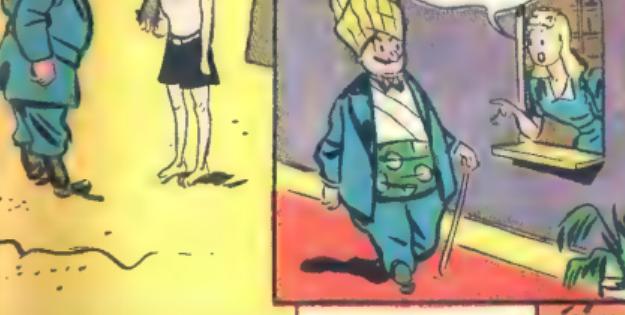
IT'S A
LAFF

ALBERT BOUTTER

I THOUGHT YOU
SAID NOBODY EVER
CLIMBED UP HERE
BEFORE!

EAT
AT AL'S

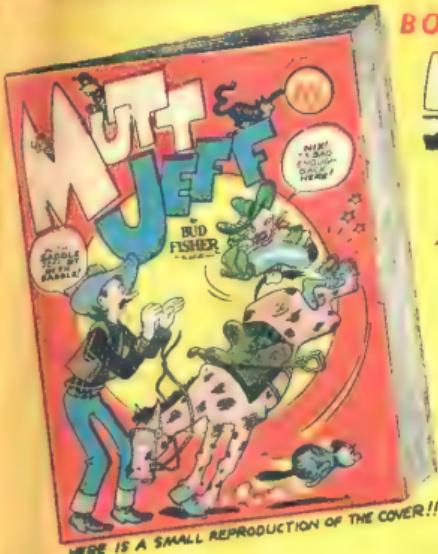
CHECK YOUR
HAT, SIR?



BOYS AND GIRLS! IF YOU LIKE

MUTT & JEFF

• BUD FISHER



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THE RUSTLER

BY
GARDNER FOX



CORK ALLEN eased his big roan stallion along the twisting trail at a steady gallop. He had seen the yearling longhorn break from the clump of sage up ahead and take to its heels, but he would catch it shortly. Cork Allen smiled thinly when he thought how he was fooling the ranchers all around him.

All his neighbors thought Cork Allen was a fine, upstanding citizen of the state of Arizona. It was Cork's famous branding iron with the circle about his initials CA that was known as the mark of a big rancher. And to think he—Cork Allen was a cattle rustler!

Cork's lips twisted in a slight

grin. He was a smart man. Nobody ever caught him running cattle. They could never quite catch up to him. And he was smart, spending money to fight rustlers. He more than made that up by rustling cattle all over this southern range!

No, they would never catch Cork Allen! He had taken elaborate precautions against that! Hadn't he hired "Draw" O'Dea to be sheriff of the little town of Big Horn, around which all the big ranches were clustered like spokes about the hub of a wheel? "Draw" was a smart sheriff. Folks were grateful to Cork Allen for bringing him up from the Panhandle. But he,

Cork Allen, was even smarter than "Draw". He had nothing to fear!

His stallion ate up the dusty ground with long strides. Cork unflipped his lariat from the pommel of his big Cheyenne saddle and snaked out its long coil. A quick flash of his wrist and the forty-foot rope slid out over the head of the running yearling. The lariat tightened, and the yearling went down.

Quickly, with years of long practice, Cork hobbled the young longhorn and started a fire. He unstrapped his branding-iron from its saddle-rest and thrust the initialed end into the flames. While it heated, Cork rolled a cigarette from the makings in his shirt pocket.

He had to give himself credit. He only went after the young steers, that weren't branded yet. In this great unfenced range there were many young ones wandering. And in the fall roundup, they found a lot of yearlings with the circled CA on their flanks. He was smart, all right. Nobody would ever think Cork Allen was a rustler!

Cork bent over the fire and lifted the branding-iron. He studied the glowing edge, heated red-hot. There would be an acrid smell as it bit into the yearlings satiny flank, but that smell was sweet to Allen: it meant more money!

A shadow fell across the fire. Cork stiffened, and glanced up. "Draw" O'Dea was sitting his pinto right in front of him!

Cork forced his thin lips to smile. He waved a hand.

"Lo, Draw. Come down and set a while. I was—just practicing a little—roping."

"Draw" swung from his saddle. His thin face was grim. His cold blue eyes gleamed dangerously.

"With a brandin' iron all ready to plank in its side?"

Cork attempted a laugh. His spine tingled. He knew now that "Draw" was wise to him. He dropped the iron to the ground, where its red initials looked up like hot eyes.

"Meanin'?" asked Cork slow-

ly, his arms dangling loosely at his sides, his fingertips just brushing the gun-butts.

"Draw" studied the fire, the bound yearling and the branding iron. His eyes stared straight into Cork's.

"I was lookin' over the books of the diff'runt ranchers 'round these parts, Allen. They show a steady decrease of yearlings. The big steers were let alone. Only the yearlings were missin'. That meant somethin' to me. Meant that somebody was rustin' yearlin's! Reckon I know who it was—now!"

Cork grinned, but did not relax his vigilance.

"So you got a posse on my trail, eh? Smart guy, knowing it was me!"

"Draw" shook his head, saying, "I didn't know 'til just now. I wanted to speak to you 'bout some things that needed your tention. I saw you out here and followed you. I saw you rope the yearlin'. I watched, then rode up."

"You're the only one that knows 'bout this, then?" asked Cork, leaning forward slightly.

"Draw" whitened. His body slouched warningly. His hands, like Cork's, brushed against his

worn gunbutts.

"I'm the only one," he agreed quietly.

"If an accident was to happen to you, Draw, nobody'd be the wiser!" chuckled Cork. Then grimly, "Flash 'em!"

Two guns leaped from their holsters, glimmering in the sun. Two thundering reports roared across the range.

Cork Allen staggered slightly. His left shoulder went suddenly numb. Through the blue smoke he peered forward at "Draw" O'Dea who was sliding to his knees in the dust, one hand outstretched.

Cork blew the smoke from his gun-barrel. His nose suddenly wrinkled. What was that he smelled? He looked around, and shrugged. Couldn't be anything much, he reckoned.

He stooped and picked up his branding iron. He freed the yearling without branding it. Cork was vaguely worried. There was something wrong. That odor—

He swung up into the saddle and looked down at the inert O'Dea. No one would ever know Cork Allen had killed 'him. Leave him here. Somebody would find him. The citizens

would come to Cork and ask for another sheriff.

Cork grinned. Maybe he'd try his hand at being sheriff himself. It would give him more time for branding yearlings....

Cork stiffened in his saddle and cursed swiftly. That smell. Now he had it! It was strangely similar to the acrid smell of a yearling's branded flank. But—but what could have been branded around that little campfire? Not the yearling.

Cork remembered, "Draw's" outflung hand as he fell to the earth. That hand and gesture had struck Cork as a little peculiar at the time. He whirled his roar around and raced back toward the fire.

Leaning from the saddle, Cork stared at the sheriff's exposed right hand. His thin lips smiled sardonically. He had thought himself smart, but O'Dea had tricked him, even as he was dying! O'Dea had flung himself out, and reached out his hand and touched Cork Allen's red-hot branding iron. There was no mistaking that famous brand!

On the back of "Draw" O'Dea's outstretched hand was the imprint of a circled C.A.!

DIFFERENT? SURE!



THAT'S WHY
STARMAN
IS GOING OVER
WITH SUCH A **BANG**
IN EVERY ISSUE OF

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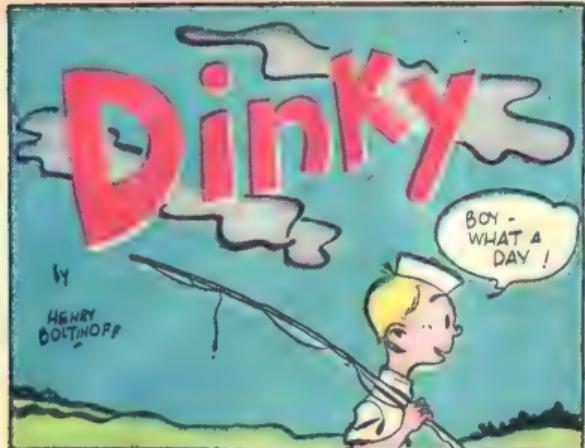
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IT'S SO!

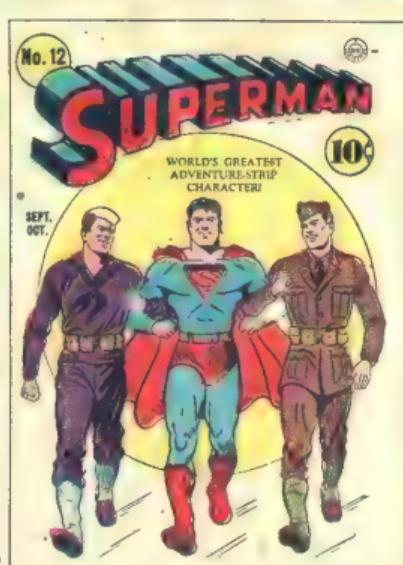
HENRY
BOTH OFF



\$10 AN OUNCE
WAS THE RATE FOR
MAIL SENT BY
PONY EXPRESS!



THE COLD IS THE MOST COMMON
OF ALL SICKNESS YET,
THE EXACT CAUSE IS
UNKNOWN !



ON SALE JULY 2ND
DON'T MISS IT!



BATMAN

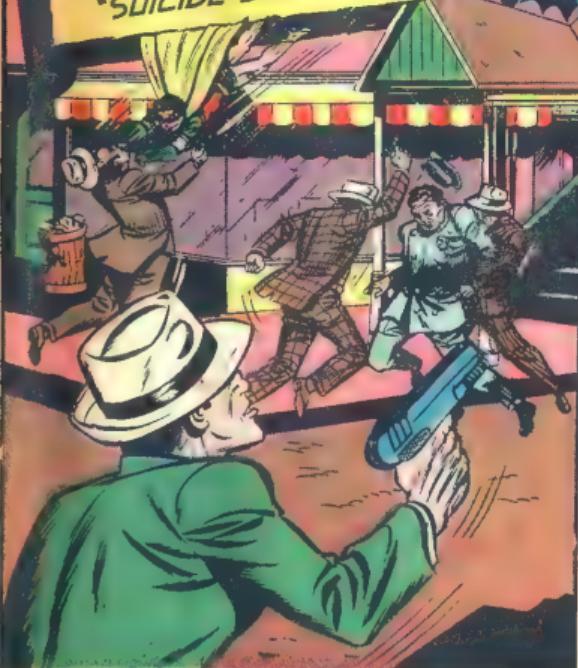
WITH
Robin

-THE BOY WONDER-

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BY
BOB KANE

WHEN KILLERS MOCK THE LAW
AND TAUNT THE BLUE-COATED PRO-
TECTORS OF SOCIETY, THEN IT IS
TIME FOR THE BATMAN TO MAKE HIS
TIMELY ENTRANCE WITH HIS LAUGHING
YOUNG AIDE, ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER,
THIS MASTER CRIME-SMASHER PEN-
ETRATES THE HIDDEN LAIR OF THE
DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD
AND MEETS THEIR MEASURES WITH
SWIFT ACTIONS OF HIS OWN!
FOLLOW THE BATMAN NOW AS
HE FARES FORTH ON ANOTHER
MISSION--FERRETING OUT AND
CRUSHING THE EVIL ON--
"SUICIDE BEAT!"



NIGHT SOUNDS?...A SHOT...
A GROAN...AND A LAUGH?

FANCY DAN
SENDS HIS
REGARDS,
COPPER?
HA-HA!

OH-H-H-



LATER...

IT'S GROGAN
HE DIDN'T
HAVE A
CHANCE!

HE MUST
HAVE BEEN
CROWDING
FANCY DAN.
THEY DON'T
LIVE LONG
WHEN THEY
DO THAT!

NO WONDER
THEY CALL THIS
"SUICIDE BEAT". ANY
COP THAT GETS THIS
BEAT PRACTICALLY
COMMITS SUICIDE.
FANCY DAN
SEES TO THAT!

GROGAN
IS THE
THIRD COP
TO BE
FOUND DEAD
HERE? I PIT
THE POOR
GUY THAT
GETS THIS
BEAT NEXT!

SO
DO I!

KELLY, YOU HEARD
ABOUT GROGAN
LAST NIGHT.
I WANT AN
EXPERIENCED
MAN TO TAKE OVER
HIS BEAT I'M
APPOINTING YOU

YES,
SIR?

KELLY, YOU
LOOK MIGHTY
CHEERFUL FOR
A MAN WHO
HAS TO TAKE
OVER SUICIDE
BEAT!

WHY
SHOULDN'T
KELLY BE
SMILING?
DIDN'T
YOU HEAR
THAT HIS
SON, JIMMY,
GETS HIS
BADGE TODAY?

SURE. AND WHAT
MAN WOULDN'T
BE PROUD OF A
SON LIKE ME BOY.
JIMMY? 'T IS THE
BLESSED DAY THAT
HE BECOMES A ROOKIE
POLICEMAN: TWO
GENERATIONS OF KELLY
POLICEMEN.

WELL, I
HOPE HE'S
A BETTER
COP THAN
HIS OLD
MAN!

HA-
HAT

QUIET-OR
I'LL HAVE
ME JIMMY
LOCK THE BOTH
OF YE UP
IN A
CELL?

MIDNIGHT... KELLY'S
CHEERFUL WHISTLE IS
HEARD ON GRIM
SUICIDE BEAT!

DID YER
MOTHER
COME FROM
IRELAND
SURE
THERES-



THE NEXT MORNING --- BRUCE WAYNE, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, SITS IN THE OFFICES OF HIS FRIEND, POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON---

I KNOW I GAVE THE ROOKIE A TOUGH BEAT, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'LL PIN SOMETHING ON FANCY DAN!

IF HE DOESN'T, WE'LL BE PINNING SOMETHING ON HIM--A WREATH?

AT LEAST, THE BOY WILL GET THE COOPERATION OF THE PEOPLE ON THOSE STREETS, WON'T HE?

A CROOKED POLITICIAN RUNS THAT STREET--AND HE'S A SMART POLITICIAN. HE LENDS THE POOR PEOPLE MONEY, BUYS THEM FOOD ON CHRISTMAS-

VERY INTERESTING! WELL--I--I'LL BE TOODLING ALONG NOW. SEE YOU IN JAIL, GORDON!

SEE YOU IN A NIGHT CLUB IS MORE LIKE IT. I THINK YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE THERE?

THAT AFTERNOON--ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF SUICIDE BEAT TURN OUT TO WATCH ROOKIE JIMMY KELLY. THOUGH GRIM AND SILENT, THEIR HATRED OF HIM IS LIKE LOUD THUNDER.



THEN, WITHOUT WARNING--



WHY, YOU LITTLE--

PETE'S BAR

HAW-HAW!

A LITTLE KID RAN IN HERE. WHERE DID HE GO?

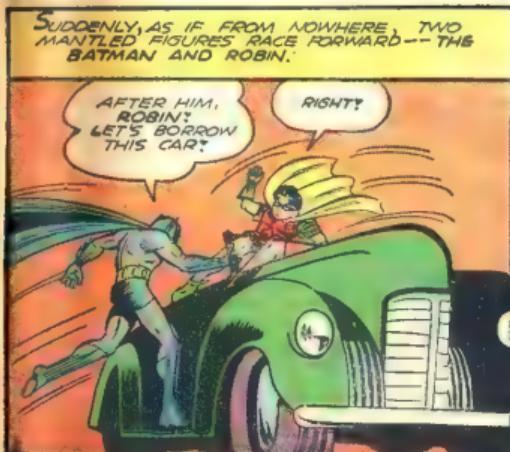
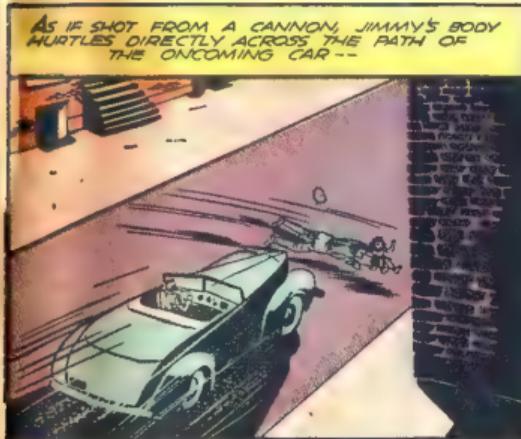
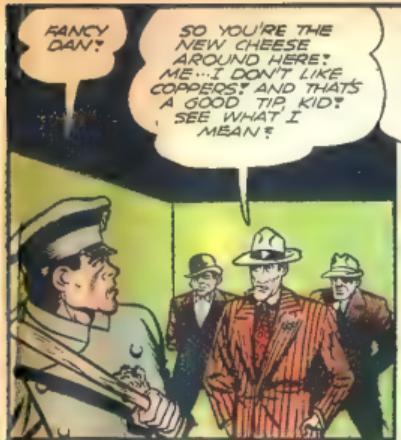
I DIDN'T SEE NO KID!

BUT YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HIM. HE RAN RIGHT IN HERE!

I DIDN'T SEE NO KID!

IF HE DIDN'T SEE NO KID, HE DIDN'T SEE NO KID COPPER!





ON SCREAMING TIRES, THEY DRAW ABREAST
OF THE DRUNKEN DRIVER'S RACING CAR---



A DARING LEAP--



WHAT YOU
NEED IS
SOMETHING
TO PUT YOU
ASLEEP...AND
THIS IS IT!



MINUTES LATER...

HERE, TAKE
CARE OF
THIS RAT!
ADIOS!



THE
BATMAN?
HOW'E...

JIMMY DRAGS THE DRUNK
TO JAIL...BUT THE NEXT
DAY, ALDERMAN
SKIGG APPARES...

AND, HENRY...I
MEAN, JUDGE, YOU
UNDERSTAND HOW
THIS POOR, HAPPY
MAN DECIDED TO
CELEBRATE HIS FINDING
A JOB AND
IF HE
TOOK---

HUH?

AND A LITTLE
LATER---

SO YA GOT
HIM OUT,
EH,
SKIGG?

DON'T I
ALWAYS
GET YOUR
BOYS
OUT?

NOW
WHAT DO WE
DO--PLUG
THE
COPPER?



NO, GET
RID OF HIM,
BUT NO
SHOOTING--
THREE DEAD
COPS IN A ROW
MIGHT BRING
DOWN THE
GOVERNOR!

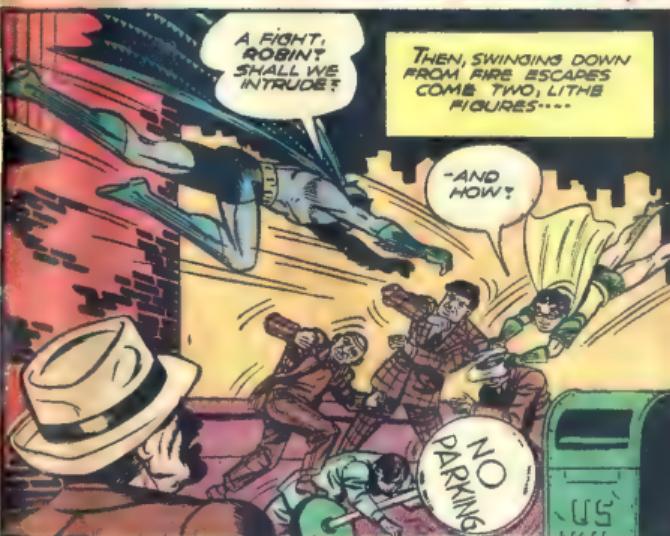
SKIGG IS RIGHT?
WE'LL JUST MUSS HIM
UP ENOUGH SO THAT
HE GOES TO THE
HOSPITAL?
ME--I GOT
AN
IDEA!



THAT VERY NIGHT---SUICIDE BEAT LIES CLOAKED IN SILENCE AND DARKNESS. SUDDENLY---THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE---



BUT AS JIMMY TRIES TO SEPARATE THE TWO, THEY SUDDENLY TURN ON HIM....AND OUT OF THE SHADOWS LEAP MORE THUGS!



THE BATMAN'S FIST FLASHES OUT WITH THE DEAD-LINESS OF A STRIKING SNAKE!



SUDDENLY, A CAR SHOOTS FROM BEHIND A CORNER...STOPS LONG ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE HOODLUMS, AND THEN SPEEDS AWAY...



WELL...WHAT'S THIS? THEY MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS IN THE SCUFFLE?

"PUT 5 GRAND ON MAFETY (SIGNED) SKIGG," SAY, ISN'T MAFETY THE FIGHTER WHO BATTLES JORGAN, THE CHAMP, TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE MILK FUND FIGHT?

SURE...THAT'S THE FIGHT ALDERMAN SKIGG GOT UP TO GET MILK FOR THE KIDS IN HIS WARD. SO SKIGG IS BETING ON MAFETY, THE CHALLENGER...

AND JORGAN IS THE CHAMP; IF I KNOW SKIGG, THAT CHEAP MISER WOULDN'T BET ON SOMETHING UNLESS HE WAS SURE OF IT!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS FIGHT HAS BEEN FRAMED; IN FACT, I'M ALMOST SURE. I THINK I'M GOING TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER ALDERMAN SKIGG!

THE NEXT NIGHT... ALDERMAN SKIGG ADDRESSES THE HUGE CROWD IN THE STADIUM...

AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ARUMPH... I'VE ARRANGED SO THAT THE PROCEEDS WILL BUY GOOD MILK FOR STARVING BABIES...BLAH...BLAH...



AND IN THE CHAMP'S DRESSING ROOM, A SHADOW MOVES ACROSS THE WALL...



IN THE RING... THE CHALLENGER, BIFF MAFETY, ACKNOWLEDGES THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD



SUDDENLY...WALKING DOWN THE AISLE...THE CHAMP'S TRAINER AND MANAGER WITH THE BATMAN...

THE CHAMP HAD AN ACCIDENT-- SO I'M TAKING HIS PLACE? ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BOYS?

YEAH! YEAH, DAT'S RIGHT!

WHAT? YOU--THAT COWL--YOU'RE THE BATMAN?



BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE HIS PLACE IT ISN'T...I MEAN--THE CROWD DON'T WANT A SUBSTITUTE!"



THE CROWD COMES TO A UNANIMOUS DECISION...

THE BELL CLANGS FOR THE FIRST ROUND---THE FIGHT IS ON--

THE BATMAN EASILY SLIPS UNDER A ROUND-HOUSE RIGHT...

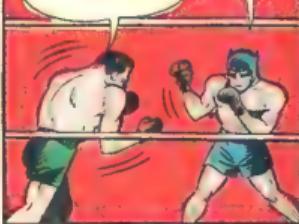
YES! WE WANT THE BATMAN!

WE WANT THE BATMAN!

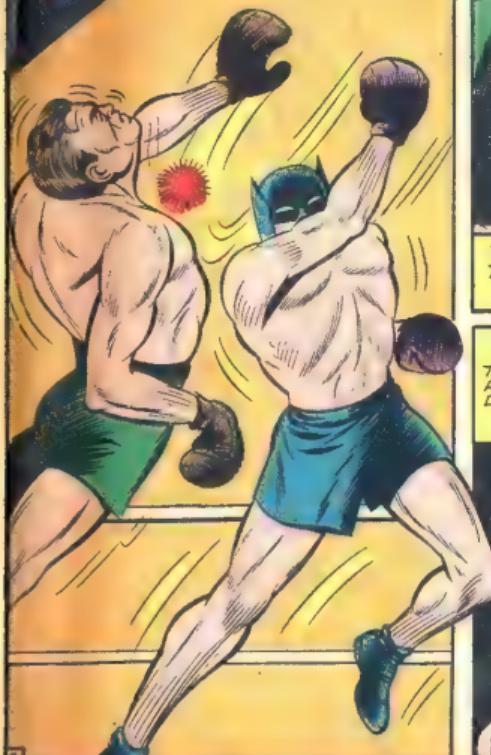
THE BATMAN, EH? WELL, HERE'S WHERE I MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE A PUNK!

STOP TALKING AND FIGHT--

I'LL... WHOOSH!!



AND FOLLOWS UP WITH A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT!



THE CHALLENGER RUBS HIS GLOVE INTO THE CANVAS THAT BEARS THE RESIN FROM THEIR SHOE SOLES---

AS HE RISES, HE SPEARS THE BATMAN IN THE FACE, RUBBING THE RESIN-- DABBED GLOVE INTO THE BATMAN'S EYES---

FOR THE MOMENT, THE BATMAN'S EYES ARE BLINDED...HE FACES EASY PREY TO FISTS THAT SNEAK PAST HIS GUARD

HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM ONIONS, BATMAN?



THROUGH BLURRED VISION, HE
SEES MAFAY RUSH AT HIM FOR
THE KILL....

GET READY
TO KISS
THAT CANVAS,
CHUM!



THERE IS NO NEED FOR A COUNT.
MAFAY IS OUT...BUT DEFINITELY!

THE WINNAH...
THE BATMAN!

BATMAN?



SUDDENLY, LIGHTS
WINK OUT OVER
THE STADIUM...



AND WHEN THEY FLASH
ON AGAIN AFTER A FEW
MOMENTS...

HUH? HE'S
GONE! THE
BATMAN'S
GONE!



NICE WORK,
KID! YOU TURNED
OUT THOSE LIGHTS
JUST IN TIME.
I DON'T SEE HOW
I COULD HAVE
GOTTEN THROUGH
THE CROWD ANY
OTHER WAY!

OUTSIDE THE
STADIUM...

IT WAS
EASY THERE
WAS NO ONE
BY THE
LIGHT
SWITCH?



ABRUPTLY, THERE IS THE BLAST OF GUN-FIRE...A VOICE RAISES IN A SHOUT...AS
FANCY DAN AND HIS MOBSTERS GET AWAY.
WITH THE GATE RECEIPTS.





WITH A SUDDEN ABRUPTNESS, THE CAR JERKS TO A HALT! SO SUDDEN IS THE STOP THAT THE BATMAN IS HURLED FROM HIS PERCH TO CRASH AGAINST THE BUTTERY!



WHEN HE COMES TO--

HELLO, FANCY DAN: SO-- NOT ONLY DO YOU AND SKIGG RIO UP A PHONEY FIGHT, BUT YOU ALSO STEAL THE PROCEEDS!



SHADDUP! ME-- I DON'T LIKE YOU! I'M GONNA MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU-- GOOD AND HOT!

GASOLINE! YOU WEREN'T KIDDING WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE IT HOT FOR ME!

ME... I NEVER KID! SO LONG, WISE GUY!



THE LIGHTED MATCH HITS THE GASOLINE-IMPREGNATED FLOOR! THERE IS A SUDDEN WHOOSH--AND THE ROOM IS TRANSFORMED INTO A ROARING INFERNO!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED FANCY DAN TO HIS HIDEOUT!

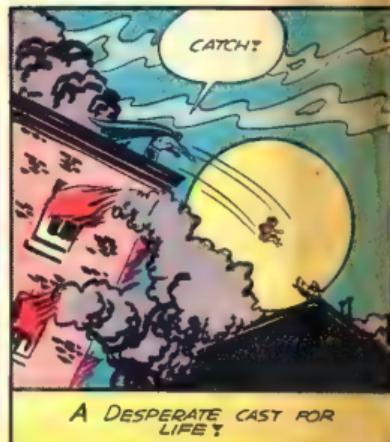


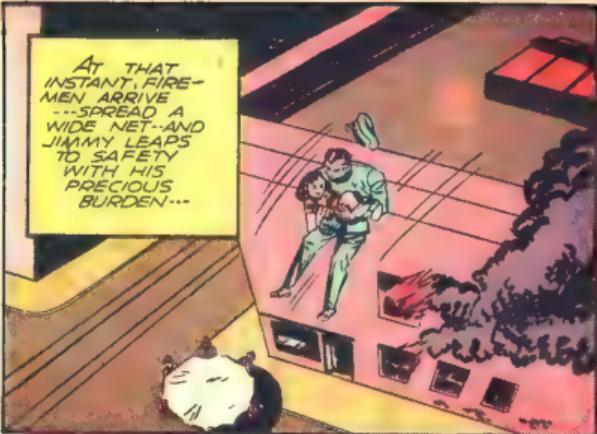
I--I CAN TELL YOU WHERE IT IS!

YOU SAVED MY LITTLE GIRL ANNA'S LIFE! THE LEAST I CAN DO IS REPAY YOU THIS WAY! I SAW FANCY DAN AND HIS MOP TAKE THE BATMAN INTO NO 14 ON THE NEXT STREET!

SOMEONE ON SUICIDE BEAT HELPED INTO A COP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!





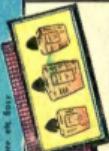


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Easy to Get These FREE GIFTS!**

**SPECIAL—
BRAND NEW!**

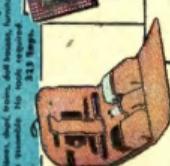


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Exquisite Perfume
Comes in a
handsome
box.

65 bags.



134 Indian Girl. The
lovely little Indian
girl, dressed in
native costume
and feathered
bonnet, is
sure to be a
big hit.

25 bags.



135 Flashlight.
Screen printed flash.
Light requires
one 150 Reg.



136 4 chalks
with划线. A
set of 4 chalks
in a box.

100 bags.



137 Special
Camera. Hand
held camera
in a
handsome
box.

375 bags.



138 Three Bottles
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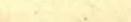
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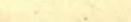
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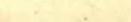
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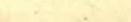
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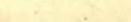
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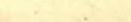
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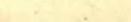
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(1) Each contestant must submit one official target and complete THE SENTENCE "I'M A BIG SHOOTIN' BULLSHOOTER" in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in ink on a separate sheet of paper.

(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25, 1941, and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.

(3) Any air rifle using BB shot may be used.

(4) Contest is open to boys between the ages of 10 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and the residents of the Continental United States.

(5) Official targets and contest sentence must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being submitted.

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(6) Target must be 25 feet away from air rifle muzzle.

(7) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of target score plus number of thoughts in filling in sentence. Total points will be based on 20 words or less.

(8) Decision of Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. No entries returned. Entries containing obscenities therein become the property of the Contest.

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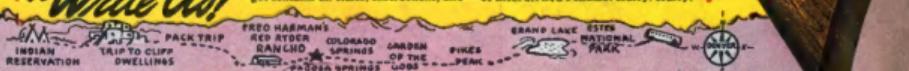
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near you—rush us the price of the Dealer
you want—we'll send it postage paid!

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET & ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS!
Or Write Us!

Do this today—now! Official Contest Target
will contain all Rules, Instructions, and

is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of
these 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 9366 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.



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